

THE LADY'S MONITOR.



BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1802.

[NO. XXXVI.

PORTRAIT OF AN EMIGRANT.

EXTRACTED FROM A LETTER.

I CALLED, as you desired, on Mrs. K——. We had considerable conversation. Knowing, as you do, my character and her's, you may be somewhat inquisitive as to the subject of our conversation. You may readily suppose that my inquiries were limited to domestic and every-day incidents. The state of her own family, and her servants and children being discussed, I proceeded to inquire into the condition of her neighbours. It is not in large cities as it is in villages. Those whose education does not enable and accustom them to look abroad, to investigate the character and actions of beings of a distant age and country, are generally attentive to what is passing under their own eye. Mrs. K—— never reads, not a newspaper. She is unacquainted with what happened before she was born. She is equally a stranger to the events that are passing in distant nations, and to those which ingross the attention and shake the passions of the statesmen and politicians of her own country; but her mind, nevertheless, is far from being torpid or inactive. She speculates curiously and even justly on the objects that occur within her narrow sphere.

Were she the inhabitant of a village, she would be mistress of the history and character of every family within its precincts; but being in a large city,* her knowledge is confined chiefly to her immediate neighbours, to those who occupy the house on each side and opposite. I will not stop to inquire into the reason of this difference in the manners of villagers and citizens. The fact has often been remarked, though seldom satisfactorily explained. I shall merely repeat the dialogue which took place on my inquiry into the state of the family inhabiting the house on the right hand and next to her's.

* Philadelphia.

"M'Culley," said she, "who used to live there, is gone."

"Indeed! and who has taken his place?"

"A Frenchman and his wife. His wife, I suppose her to be, though he is a man of fair complexion, well formed, and of genteel appearance; and the woman is half negro. I suppose they would call her a mestee. They came last winter from the West-Indies, and miserably poor, I believe; for when they came into this house they had scarcely any furniture besides a bed, and a chair or two, and a pine table. They shut up the lower rooms, and lived altogether in the two rooms in the second story."

"Of whom does the family consist?"

"The man and woman, and a young girl, whom I first took for their daughter, but I afterwards found she was an orphan child, whom, shortly after their coming here, they found wandering in the streets; and, though poor enough themselves, took her under their care."

"How do they support themselves?"

"The man is employed in the compting-house of a French merchant of this city. What is the exact sort of employment, I do not know, but it allows him to spend a great deal of his time at home. The woman is an actress in Laiison's pantomimes. In the winter she scarcely ever went out in the day-time, but now that the weather is mild and good she walks out a great deal."

"Can you describe their mode of life what they eat and drink, and how they spend their time?"

"I believe I can. Most that they do can be seen from our windows and yard, and all that they say can be heard. In the morning every thing is still till about ten o'clock. Till that hour they lie a-bed. The first sign that they exist, is given by the man, who comes half dressed, to the back window; and lolling out of it, smokes two or three segars, and sometimes talks to a dog that

lies on the out-side of the kitchen door. After sometime passed in this manner he goes into the room over the kitchen, takes a loaf of bread from the closet, and pours out a tumbler of wine; with these he returns to the front room, but begins as soon as he has hold of them, to know at one and sip from the other. This constitutes their breakfast. In half an hour they both re-appear at the window. They throw out crumbs of bread to the dog, who stands below with open mouth to receive it; and talk sometimes to him and sometimes to each other. Their tongues run incessantly; frequently they talk together in the loudest and shrillest tone imaginable. I thought, at first, they were quarrelsome; but every now and then they burst into laughter, and it was plain that they were in perfect good humour with each other.

"About twelve o'clock the man is dressed and goes out upon his business. He returns at three. In the mean time the lady employs herself in washing every part of her body, and putting on a muslin dress, perfectly brilliant and clean. Then she either lolls at the window, and sings without intermission, or plays on a guitar. She is certainly a capital performer and singer. No attention is paid to house or furniture. As to rubbing tables, and sweeping and washing floors, these are never thought of. Their house is in a sad condition, but she spares no pains to make her person and dress clean.

"The man has scarcely entered the house when he is followed by a black fellow, with bare head and shirt tucked up at his elbows, carrying on his head a tray covered with a white napkin. This is their dinner, and is brought from *Simonet's*. After dinner the man takes his flute, on which he is very skilful; and the woman either sings or plays in concert till evening approaches; some visitors then arrive, and they all go out to

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gether to walk. We hear no more of them till next morning."

"What becomes of the girl all this time?"

"She eats, sings, dresses, and walks with them. She often comes into our house, generally at meal times; if she spies any thing she likes, she never conceals her approbation. 'O my, how good *dat* must be! Me wish me had some: will you *gif* me some?' She is a pretty, harmless, little thing, and one cannot refuse what she asks.

"Next day after they came into this house, the girl, in the morning, while our servant was preparing breakfast, entered the kitchen — 'O my!' said she to me, 'what you call dem tings?'

"Buckwheat cakes."

"Ahah! buckawit cake! Oh my! how good dey must be! Me likes—will you give me one;'

"Next morning she came again, and we happened to be making *muffins*. 'O my!' cried she, 'you be always baking and baking! What you call dem dere?'

"Muffins."

"Mofeen? O my! me wish for some, me do.'

"Afterwards she was pretty regular in her visits. She was modest, notwithstanding; and, seeming to be half-starved, we gave her entertainment as often as she claimed it."

"Are not these people very happy?"

"Very happy. When together they are forever chattering and laughing, or playing and singing in concert. How the man is employed when separate we do not certainly know; but the woman, it seems, is continually singing, and her hands, if not employed in adorning her own person, are plying the guitar. I am apt to think the French are the only people that know how to live. These people, though exiles and strangers, and subsisting on scanty and precarious funds, move on smoothly and at ease. Household cares they know not. They breakfast upon bread and wine, without the ceremony of laying table, and arranging platters and cups. From the trouble of watching and directing servants they are equally exempt. Their cookery is performed abroad. Their clothes are washed in the same way. The lady knows no manual employment but the grateful one of purifying and embellishing her

own person. The intervals are consumed in the highest as well as purest sensual enjoyments, in music, in which she appears to be an adept, and of which she is passionately enamoured. When the air is serene and bland, she repairs to the public walks, with muslin handkerchief in one hand, and parti-coloured *parasol* in the other. She is always accompanied by men anxious to please her, busy in supplying her with amusing topics, and listening with complacency and applause to her gay effusions and ceaseless volubility.

"I have since taken some pains to discover the real situation of this family. I find that the lady was the heiress of a large estate in St. Domingo, that she spent her youth in France where she received a polished education, and where she married her present companion, who was then in possession of rank and fortune, but whom the revolution has reduced to indigence. The insurrection in St. Domingo destroyed their property in that island. They escaped with difficulty to these shores in 1793, and have since subsisted in various modes and places, frequently pinched by extreme poverty, and sometimes obliged to solicit public charity; but retaining, in every fortune, and undiminished, their propensity to talk, laugh, and sing—their flute and their guitar."

Nothing is more ambiguous than the motives that stimulate men to action. These people's enjoyments are unquestionably great. They are innocent; they are compatible, at least, with probity and wisdom, if they are not the immediate fruits of it. Constitutional gaiety may account for these appearances; but as they may flow, in one case, from the absence of reflection and foresight, they may likewise, in another instance, be the product of justice and benevolence.

It is our duty to make the best of our condition; to snatch the good that is within our reach, and to nourish no repinings on account of what is unattainable. The gratifications of sense, of conjugal union, and of social intercourse, are among the highest in the scale; and these are as much in the possession of *de Lisle* and his wife, as of the most oppulent and luxuriant members of the community.

As to mean habitation and scanty furniture, their temper or their reason enables them to look upon these things as trifles. They are not among those who witnessed their former prosperity, and their friends and associates are unfortunate like themselves. Instead of humiliation and contempt, adversity has probably given birth to sympathy and mutual respect.

His profession is not laborious; and her's, though not respectable according to our notions, is easy and amusing. Her life scarcely produces any intermission of recreation and enjoyment. Few instances of more unmixed and uninterrupted felicity can be found; and yet these people have endured, and continue to endure, most of the evils which the imagination is accustomed to regard with most horror; and which would create ceaseless anguish in beings fashioned on the model of my character, or of yours. Let you and I grow wise by the contemplation of their example.

B.

PARALLEL BETWEEN

NEW-ENGLAND AND GREAT-BRITAIN.

MR. EDITOR,

In examining lately a geographical treatise, I was accidentally led to consider in what circumstances, beside the name, that portion of our country called New-England, resembled the island of Great-Britain, of which it is a sort of daughter. Some of your readers may be amused, and, perhaps, instructed, by knowing the result of my comparison.

In the first place, the area, or superficial extent of each, was examined, and discovered to be exactly the same. Seventy three thousand square miles are the *sum* of habitable ground in each. This, however, is the only circumstance in which they agree.

New-England is comprehended within six degrees of latitude. Its northernmost and southernmost limits would be touched by two parallel lines, four hundred and seventeen miles distant from each other.

The longitude of Britain is greater. It occupies a space of eight degrees, and a strait line touching the parallels by which it is included, is in length, five hundred and fifty-six miles, or one eighth more than that which would traverse New-England.

The temperature and products of a coun-

try are dependant upon various causes. One of these is its position with regard to the equator. This circumstance regulates the duration of nights and days. It modifies, in conjunction with other causes, the medium and excess of heat and cold, of moisture and drought, of fertility and barrenness. In this respect the advantage must be given to New-England, which is nearer, by ten degrees, to the equator than the Island. In this respect Spain and Italy correspond with New-England.

The population of Britain has been differently computed by different writers. Some have stated it at seven millions, and others at ten millions. One of these is more plausible than the other, but I shall content myself with the medium of eight millions and a half.

Ten years ago the inhabitants of New-England were numbered. They then amounted to a million and ten thousand. Since that period, a considerable increase has taken place, which, with the utmost moderation, may be stated at one hundred and ninety thousand. Hence it follows, that the population of Britain is seven fold greater than that of New-England.

It is worthy of notice, that one seventh of the British people reside in the metropolis, and, consequently, that there are contained in London, alone, as many persons as are spread over the whole surface of New-England.

London is fifty fold more populous than Boston. Not more than one sixtieth part of the people of New-England reside in the capital.

The British towns which most nearly resemble Boston in extent, are Worcester, Coventry, Manchester and Aberdeen.

Comparisons between the moral and political condition of the two nations, might, perhaps, be deemed invidious; yet these are the points in which comparisons are most curious and instructive. I shall make few remarks on this head, and leave the reader to deduce his own inferences.

The virtue and happiness of a people depend chiefly upon two things, the *quantity* and the *equal distribution* of *knowledge* and *property*. In proportion as the mass of a nation recede, on either side, from a certain mean, in these respects they deviate into

misery and vice. Of the two extremes of poverty and wealth, the former is doubtless the most pernicious, but both are the fertile, though unequally fertile, parents of degeneracy.

Equality alone is very compatible with misery. The slaves of Russia, and the savages beyond the Mississippi, are pretty equal to each other; the former in servitude, the latter in ignorance and hardship. Public happiness requires not only that property and knowledge should be equally distributed, but that each one's portion should be large. The larger each one's portion, and the more equal it is to his neighbour's, the greater is the general felicity.

Every native of New-England, of mature age, can read and write. This cannot be said of the natives of Britain. Perhaps the number of the Islanders possessing these accomplishments, does not much exceed that of the people of New-England.

No vehicles of knowledge were ever contrived more cheap and commodious than newspapers.—The newspapers in New-England are fraught with moral and literary, as well as political discussions, and convey minute intelligence of the state of the civilized world. The number of these is stated to be thirty thousand, which is equal to one fourth of the whole number of the families; but newspapers are taken and read, in most instances, by associations of several families. Hence it is extremely probable, what has been often asserted by judicious observers, that newspapers are habitually read by every person of a reading age in the country. Exceptions, flowing from the drunkenness or stupidity of some, are very rare.

The exact proportion between those who inherit or possess landed property in New-England, and those who are destitute, cannot be ascertained, but, assuredly, is very great: and, when compared with similar classes in Great-Britain, is enormous. Though we cannot reach certainty, yet we may form conjectures which are, at least, within the truth; and may venture to affirm that among fifty families, forty-nine are in the enjoyment of house and land. Each one's portion, though little different from his neighbour's, is by no means small, and confers on each the benefit not only for property, but competence.

If not more than one in fifty in New-England is *destitute* of landed property, may it not as truly be affirmed, that in Great-Britain not more than one in fifty is in possession of this blessing?

Those among the former, who enjoy *sufficient* property, may be stated to be upwards of eleven hundred thousand. Among the inhabitants of Great-Britain landed property is not possessed by more than one hundred and sixty thousand, and among those how large a number are possessed of *too little* or *too much*. An independent and permanent possession must confer some benefits, but those who are endowed with this possession, are plagued with a thousand imaginary wants, or depraved by a thousand nefarious indulgences, in consequence of the enormous inequality of their possessions. The heir of the house of Bedford, and the proprietor of forty acres, are beings of a different species.

Language is the medium of intercourse, and by intercourse we are prompted and enabled to assimilate and cohere. At first sight, it should seem as if the language of the two nations was the same, but, in truth, the language of New-England is the language not of Great-Britain, but of Kent and Middlesex.

Yet this statement is, perhaps, somewhat inaccurate. The rabble of the city and the boors of two adjacent counties, use a dialect distinct from that of books and of the cultivated class. This class is dispersed throughout England and Scotland, and probably falls short of three hundred thousand persons. This dialect has rules of articulation and inflection unknown to the vulgar, and one third of its terms would not be understood by a peasant or a porter. These terms have been chiefly and gradually purloined from the Latin. The language, thus chastened, is that which is universally spoken in New-England.

Two languages, radically different, are in use in Britain, the Celtic and Saxon. The latter has two dialects, of which the speakers are severally immured in the Caledonian and Cambrian mountains. The Saxon, which is spoken in the low-lands, from the Grampian ridge to the Isles of Scilly, is divided into six or eight dialects, of which the speakers are scarcely intelligible to each other. Among provincial tongues, that which prevails wherever the seat of commerce and go-

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vernment chances to be placed, is sure to become the dialect of learning and fashion; but, in passing from the field and the hovel to the college and the palace, it receives numberless dilutions and refinements. Terms are borrowed and invented, which never descend to the vulgar, because the vulgar continue in their pristine ignorance, and are unfurnished with the ideas of which the new terms are symbolical.

The polished tongue, however, bears more affinity to that spoken in the metropolis and its environs, than to the dialects of more remote districts. With the former, it has many terms and modes of utterance uncommon, but not so with the latter. This *bookish, polished or latinized Saxon*, is scarcely known to one fiftieth of the British people, but it is, properly speaking, the only and vulgar language of New-England.

This parallel might be branched out into many other particulars, but I fear I have already exhausted your patience, and shall therefore hasten to conclude.

FRANCISCO.

New-York,

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1802.

THEATRICAL.

WHEN the Editor of this paper commenced his labours, the drama was entirely neglected in this city. That great school of manners, refinement, and taste was attended by the citizens, but the progress of the stage was not canvassed....its beneficial effects in "holding the mirror up to nature," were passed over in silence....and many, very many who did not attend, by being left in the dark, and not having that which was necessary to guide their course withal, were suffered to retain their prejudices, to vent their spleen, and to retard the advancement of the American stage.

In the opinion of a good portion of our citizens, these evils were of serious magnitude. Public representations are recognised as the *tone* of a nation. As these are high or low....as they are supported, criticised, or disregarded, a people's genius and propensities may, in a great measure, be estimated; and its taste, and even learning, appreciated according to their just value.

From these circumstances, the Editor was induced to commence a theatrical register, and to notice every transaction of the children of *Thalia*. To criticism, the dramatic, as well as every other art, owes the degree of improvement to which, in our day, we see it arrived; but that it has reached perfection, or gone on progressively to this point, no one will say, since nothing can more differ from fact. To examine how and when this has taken place, would occupy more time and room than we can spare.

The Editor trusts it will be acknowledged that he has been biased in no respect. He strenuously asserts that he will continue to give his opinions independently....that he will never suspend his judgment of a new piece, nor praise it till "it has had its day," and then condemn it, by way of accommodating the Manager at the public expense. Nor will he wantonly sport with the reputation of the player.

New pieces, and new actors, are the subjects which most challenge his regard, but when any excellence appears in established performers, he is ever desirous of recording it. Some persons are so tremblingly alive to theatrical representations, that any little piece of intelligence, relative to the drama, is caught at, and perused with uncommon interest.

Such persons will be gratified by being informed that the justly celebrated Mrs. MERRY, formerly of the Theatres Royal, London, and for some years past of the Philadelphia company, made her appearance on our boards on Monday evening last, in the arduous character of *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet." Her representation of it was chaste and elegant: she gave to the character its full consequence and interest; and the pathetic speeches, in particular, "came mended from her lips." In the garden scene she was peculiarly happy, her graceful action being aided by a mellifluous and full voice, strong articulation, and correct delivery. Nor was she less successful in the last scene, as the whole audience (which was brilliant and numerous) sufficiently testified.

COOPER's *Romeo* was, in general, true to nature; and is one of the many characters for which he has no competitor in this country. Could we retain these twin children of *He'pomene*, together with Mr. and Mrs. Hora,

RINSON, who have no equal for diversity of character, and whom the public delight to honour, our own citizens would be perfectly satisfied, and those who have seen KEMBLE and LEWIS, SIDDONS and JORDAN would not so often turn with disgust from the Theatre. However, the company, without the aid of our best performers, are sufficiently strong to manage the buffoonery and trickery (strangely called incident and dialogue) which at present disgrace the American stage!

After the play, on Monday evening, the audience were presented with a pantomimical entertainment called *Three-Fingered Jack* founded on circumstances which took place in the island of Jamaica, in 1780 and 1781. Dr. Moseley, in his treatise on sugar, gives the following account of this terrific negro:

Obi, and gambling, are the only instances I have been able to discover, among the natives of the negro lands in Africa, in which any effort at combining ideas has ever been demonstrated. The science of Obi is very extensive. *Obi*, for the purposes of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, and other creatures, blood, feathers egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds, and bushes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground; or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer; with incantation songs or curses, performed at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon.—A negro who thinks himself bewitched by Obi, will apply to an *Obi-man* or *Obi-woman*, for cure. Laws have been made in the West-Indies, to punish this *obian* practice with death; but they have had no effect. Laws constructed in the West-Indies, can never suppress the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, *Three-fingered Jack*, the terror

of Jamaica, in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me. His obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave-dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his obian bag.

These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia of that island, at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates females marry very young; and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles: for several matches proved unhappy. 'Give a dog an ill-name, and you hang him.' Clammers rose on clammers against the cruel sorcerer; and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's spell on the wedding-day. God knows poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a *međeau* cauldron for the whole

island, than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and by a resolution which followed it, of the house of Assembly, two negroes, named Quasher and Sam, (Sam was captain Davy's son, he who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship at old harbour) both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided—but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat; and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoak.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting *plantains*, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene—not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terri-

ble. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied, that his obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several other who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do *three-fingered* Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice, and well they might; they had, beside, no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest, and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that *white obi* would get the better of him; and from experience, he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled to-

gether down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass, among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder: for Jack had caught him by the throat, and with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right-hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly; both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head, and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, they carried them to Kingston, and Spanish town, and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of Assembly."

On Wednesday evening the Manager presented us with Rowe's admirable tragedy, *The Fair Penitent*. COOPER'S *Lothario* was played "excellent well." Indeed, we think the Italian nobleman had a representative that will, *at all times*, do him justice. The magnanimous *Horatio* was faithfully pourtrayed by HODGKINSON. Mrs. MERRY was *Calista*; and her veriest foe must have smiled applause. We sincerely pitied her

"Because she lov'd and was a woman."

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

FROM THE SECOND BOOK.

*Old wood inflamed doth yield the bravest fire,
While younger doth in smoke his virtue spend.*

She went with such a battle in her thoughts, and so deadly an overthrow given to her best resolutions, that even her body, when the battle was fought, was withal oppressed; making a languishing sickness wait upon the triumph of the passion.

Upon the shoulders of friendship to lay the burden of sorrow.

They walked under a few palm-trees which, being loving in their own nature, seemed to give their shadow the more willingly, because they held discourse of love.

The beasts, like children of nature, inherit their blessings quietly; but we, like bastards, are laid abroad as foundlings to be trained up by grief and sorrow.

The moon thought it no scorn to be torch-bearer to such beauty.

In the time that the wings of night do blow sleep most willingly into mortal creatures.

Sleep came to bathe himself in her fair weeping eyes.

The wind was like a servant waiting behind them, so just, that they might fill the sails as they listed.

To consider the art of catching the wind prisoner for no other end than to run away with it.

There arose a veil of dark clouds, which shortly (lightning poured into water) had blackened over all the face of heaven: preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on.

She sat, swallowing of sleep with her open mouth, making such a noise withal as nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge.

A RIVER.

It run upon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily judge, whether the river did more wash the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river: the river not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streams would return to their springs; or that the river had a delight to play with itself: the

banks on either side seeming arms of the loving earth, that fain would embrace it; and the river a wanton nymph, that still would slip from it: either side of the bank being furnished with beautiful trees which resisted the sun's darts from over much piercing the natural coldness of the river, but among the rest a goodly cypress who, bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed as if she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running mirror,

They began—to get the pure silver of their bodies out of the ore of their garments.

Her eyes in this unhappy be,
Because themselves they cannot see.
But who those ruddy lips can miss,
Which, blessed, still themselves do kiss?

The fine proportion of her glove shewed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged.

The water, with some drops, seemed to weep that it should part from such a body.

She made the lute, in his language, shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers.

With eyes, cheeks, and lips, whereof each sang their part, to make up the harmony of bashfulness.

If it be true that the giants ever made war against heaven, this man would have been a fit ensign-bearer to that company.

One whom fame was so desirous to honour, that she borrowed all men's mouths to join with the sound of her trumpet.

Bachus, the learned say, was begot with thunder, and, I think, that made him ever since so full of stirs and debate.

The bird carries the shell fish high, to break him the easier with a fall.

Hymen had not then his saffron-coloured coat; for though she pretended love, she resolved upon his ruin.

A picture receives greater life by the darkness of shadows, than by more glittering colours.

FROM THE THIRD BOOK.

He was like one frozen with extremity of cold, over-hastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed than relieved by such a lightning of felicity.

With sighs to blow all comfort out of his breast, and wash away all cheerfulness with tears.

About them, as about two poles, the sky of beauty was turned.

If love be a fault, it is more fault in them to be lovely.

They sate devising how to give more feathers to the wings of time.

More beautiful had they been, had they not suffered greedy Phœbus, over often and hard to kiss them.

The divers coloured plumbs gave the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth.

The wine seemed to laugh for joy to come to such lips.

Like a rose out of a briar, an excellent son of an evil mother.

In my presence their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue. Their eyes admired my majesty; and happy was he or she on whom I suffered the beams thereof to fall: did I go to church; it seemed the very gods waited for me, their devotions not being solemnized till I was ready.

Blind fortune hates sharp-sighted inventions.

Her tears rained down from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautiful flowers of her face.

In his eyes did some water appear as if they would wash themselves against they should see her.

Shall Death head his dart with the gold of Cupid's arrow? shall he take his aim from the rest of beauty?

Not able to suffer that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweet a breath.

To see your own little ones, like

little models of yourself, still carry you about them.

How often, alas! do I embrace the orphan side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband.

Can one string make as good music as a consort? can one colour set forth a beauty?

Her eyes so lifted towards the sky, that one would have thought they had begun to fly thitherward, to take their place among their fellow stars.

Her naked hands raising up their whole length, and, as it were, killing one another as if the right had been the picture of zeal, the left of humbleness, which both united themselves to make their suits the more acceptable. All her senses were rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions.

The earth sent up a great dust, as if it would strive to have clouds as well as the air, wherein the naked wind did apparel himself.

One that had marked him would have judged that his eyes would have run into him, and his soul out of him, so unkindly did either take a scent of danger.

The nearer danger approached (like the light of a glow-worm) the less still it seemed.

As if the sight of the enemy had been a magnet-stone to his courage, he could not contain himself, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his back to his soldiers, and that action as his only method of denouncing war to the one, and persuading help of the other.

The earth itself wont to be a burial of men, was now, as it were, buried with men.

He made father and son become twins in the never again dying birth.

Cruel deaths made them lie quietly together, who most in their lives had sought to disquiet each other.

He fell, like a fair apple, which some uncourteous body, breaking its

bough, should throw down before 'twere ripe.

The needle with so pretty a manner, made its careers to and fro thro' the cloth, as if it would have seemed loth to go from such a mistress, but that it hoped to return thitherward again. The cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it: the shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short. The lilies that she made grew by the suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most comfortable air, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them.

The sea, in ebbing and flowing, seems to observe a just dance, and yet understands no music.

Like a bat, which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath such evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun....she found a truth but could not love it.

As soon as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greens to wash her face withal, against the appearance of the burning sun.

Solitary sorrow, with a continual circle in herself, went out at his own mouth, to come in again at his own ears.

Her wounds sweet swelling lips had a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour death. Here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfect white.

No, is no negative in a woman's mouth.

Her eyes were cast on the ground with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with the heavens, for suffering such an injury.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED,

At Hærem, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. ISAAC I. HARRIS, to Miss ELIZA RANDALL.

DIED,

On his passage from Charleston to this port, of a consumption, Mr. PELEG SANDFORD, one of the house of Phelps and Sandford, New-Haven, (Con.)

Parnassian Garland.

INVOCATION TO DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, approach in all thy forms,
Rush on 'midst dark, impending storms,
And overspread the scene;
The mind, immur'd in deepest gloom,
Sees pleasure's sun retire at noon,
Nor aught of joy can glean.

In vain the beauteous sun displays
Its shining beams, its splendid rays—
The heart no solace knows:
In vain the silver moon, at night,
Illumes the orbit with her light,
For grief incessant flows.

In vain I turn my wearied eye
Around the globe, towards the sky,
In search of fancied bliss:
No gladdening prospect cheers my soul;
Despair, I hear thy billows roll,
I hear thy furies hiss.

Depress'd, dejected, sunk, forlorn,
Scarce e'n a hope appears to dawn,
But all is wrapt in woe,
Then why this boasted life revere,
When nought but sorrows meet me here:
Let's face the destin'd blow:

Then come *despair*, in darkest hue,
Present thy cup—I'll taste anew
And sip the bitter draught—
Without regret, I leave to fate,
My fortunes in another state:
With ills *our world* is fraught.

LUCON.

SONNET TO FORTITUDE.

....."In struggling with misfortunes
Lies the true proof of Fortitude and Virtue."

SHAKSPEARE.

POWER of the dauntless breast and steady eye,
Fair *Virtue's* child, and *Wisdom's* noblest
boast, [host
Who boldly dar'st attack the threatning
That checks thy progress to thy native sky;
O *Fortitude*, thy suppliant votary hear!
Kindly thy intrepidity impart; [heart
And with thy firmness steel my timorous
'Gainst the relentless tyranny of fear.
Give me with open brow, and heart elate
To struggle through this toilsome scene
of strife,
Nebly to bear the varying ills of life,

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

And view unmov'd the smiles and frowns of
fate. [sue,
When dangers menace, or when foes pur-
Teach me to brave their force, their pow-
er subdue.

ALOUETTE.

SONG.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
And first *her* shafts let fly;
She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
—I thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth,
—I thought it was her lip.

But when she danced, such air, such grace,
What mortal could escape?
I look'd no longer on her face,
I swore it was her shape.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
The purity within;
Her snowy arm—her iv'ry neck—
'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
My bosom did enthrall:
—'Twas *sense* I found, the happy grace,
That gave a charm to all.

A PORTRAIT OF HOPE.

BY THE PENCIL OF IMAGINATION.

WINGS adorn'd with snowy plumage,
Animation fills her eye;
Whitest hand that oft extended,
Points beyond the azure sky.

Cherub smiles full oft deceiving,
From her love-exciting face;
Auburn ringlets careless waving,
Add to dignity a grace.

Purest white her limbs arraying,
Fairer than the cygnet's down;
Graceful on an anchor leaning,
Head enwreath'd with roseate crown.

Tears, ah me! the soft suffusion,
Trembles not within her eye;
Lovely friend to resignation,
Both descended from the sky.

In life's valley roses strewing,
From affliction draws the thorn;
Drooping sorrow sweetly soothing,
Promising a brighter morn.

With me dwell thou soft celestial,
On my bosome place thy rose;
May thy smiles bring sweet contentment,
And to sorrow give repose.

EVELINA.

THE MAN OF FEELING.

THE wisest, weakest, have their woes,
I feel for all my suff'ring foes,
By anguish rack'd on ev'ry side,
In fierce affliction's furnace try'd:
We're brothers all by nature's laws,
Which bind not feelings to a cause,
But nobly urges to despise,
With minds expansive, social ties.
Can he, the christian, bring disgrace,
On his own faith, when to the race
Who Mahomet's religion own,
His pity for their pangs is shone?
Relief each human creature claims,
Distrest—away with modes and names!
Jews, Turks, and Christians should unite,
To keep humanity in sight.

Each fine sensation of the breast,
Which gives to life its heightened zest,
From mutual aid proceeds—away,
Ye wretched of the coarser clay,
Whose cares are to yourselves confin'd,
Whose hearts ne'er throb for all mankind;
From them each sordid passion tear,
Which mean self love had planted there.

VERSES ON THE EVENING.

THE glimm'ring landscape fades to sight,
While ev'ning shades prevail;
And Luna, clad in lustre wan,
Glides gently through the dale.
The sun, retiring, sinks to rest,
And streaks with gold the hills,
While on the bosom of the rose
Refreshing dew distils.
While ev'ning spreads her dusky veil,
And hides the distant fields,
The thoughtful, reas'ning mind can taste
The sweets retirement yields.
Here meditation sooths the soul,
While nature's wonders shine,
To think upon their author great,
And bless the hand divine.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY PHINEHAS HEARD,
AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,
NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE
SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.